JOHN ALVEY TURNER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY

KEYNOTES

"THE SUCCESS OF KEYNOTES IS THE KEYNOTE OF SUCCESS."

EDITED BY D. C. FAIRWEATHER.

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Editorial Foreword.

An Overture.

IN re-introducing KEYNOTES to the public after a period of more than ten years, we are acting in response to innumerable requests that this famous journal should again be brought out for the benefit of all lovers of the Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar.

Many stirring events have taken place since the last number of KEYNOTES appeared in July, 1914.

The years of war and its aftermath effected many changes, but there is one thing unchanged, and that is the affection in which the Banjo and kindred instruments are held by musicians throughout the country.

In spite of the invasion of the Saxaphone with all the panoply of Jazz, the Banjo has continued to exercise its magnetic sway over its devotees all over the world, and we are confident of receiving a warm welcome on our re-appearance.

It is our intention to make KEYNOTES conform as much as possible with the original issue. Of course, new features have been introduced, and we shall continue to keep up-to-date, and in touch with every phase and change in this particular form of music. Our columns will always be open to our readers for the interchange of views and information of special interest, and we also hope to have some interesting announcements to make shortly with regard to competitions, for which valuable prizes will be awarded.

We are indeed fortunate to be able to say that those famous exponents of the Banjo and Mandoline respectively, Mr. Joe Morley and Sig. Mario de Pietro, have agreed to become regular contributors, and their special articles and hints on the playing of solos cannot fail to be of great help to amateurs.

Other features of the present number include :—

Articles by W. H. Plumbridge, Philip J. Bone, and Bernard Sheaf on the work of Alfred Cammeyer.

Future attractions will be found on page 4.

Special Competition for Amateur Composers on page 7.

In conclusion we wish a happy and prosperous New Year to our readers, past, present and to come, and we hope that the re-appearance of KEYNOTES will help to make 1925 a better and brighter year than its predecessor.

The Overture is ended. Ring up the Curtain !

"ALFRED CAMMEYER."

His Work for the Banjo.

By BERNARD SHEAFF.

CAMMEYER is unquestionably a great artist; and I incline to think that time will prove that he is, up to the present, the greatest man who has ever devoted his life to the development and progress of the Banjo as an artistic musical instrument.

It is not, however, his abilities as a performer I am lauding in this article, but that which is even more certain to make his name immortal to all players and lovers of the instrument—his work as a composer for the Banjo.

No banjoist, whatever his personal taste in music may be, can fail to admire Cammeyer's fine achievements in this direction.

When Mr. Cammeyer first came to London from New York in 1888, his repertoire consisted of items from the musical plays popular at that time, and such well-known classical numbers as Pizzicato from Delibes "Sylvia"; Waltz from the "Faust" Ballet Music; Funeral March of a Marionette, by Gounod; Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, and others of this class.

Playing at a private engagement one evening early in his career, Mr. Cammeyer was approached by two of the guests, gentlemen, who both expressed great interest in his instrument, and asked him if he would mind stepping into an adjoining ante-room, which was empty of other guests at the time, and extemporising for their benefit some of the harmonies and progressions which had so much captured their fancies. After playing for some fifteen or twenty minutes these gentlemen rose, and, thanking Mr. Cammeyer, expressed their surprise and pleasure in hearing his banjo, which, they said, although quite distinct from any other stringed instrument, was capable of such charming and artistic effects. You may be sure Mr. Cammeyer appreciated the value of this praise to the full when he read the names on the cards left behind for him on this ante-room table —Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Sig. Paola Tosti!

The interest Mr. Sullivan (afterwards Sir Arthur Sullivan, as we know) had shown was not in the least affected, as shortly after the above incident Mr. Cammeyer received an intimation from one of his patrons, a friend of Sullivan's, to the effect that Mr. Sullivan would very much like Mr. Cammeyer to play at his flat for a private dinner party which was fixed for that following Sunday week. Mr. Cammeyer was much elated by this invitation, which he considered was an honour, for Sullivan was a great man even at that time; and accepted this opportunity with alacrity. Although he played for Sullivan on many subsequent occasions, it is this first visit which has such an important bearing on Cammeyer's creative work.

When Sullivan's party was breaking up on that Sunday evening—or rather it was early Monday morning, I am afraid—Mr. Cammeyer was engaged in a final chat with his host in the study, when Sullivan said, "Well, Cammeyer, we have all enjoyed your playing very much, and my hearing your instrument again has not in the least diminished my opinion of its charm. But what I do appreciate now is that it would sound very much better if you played music more suited to its peculiarities. Now Chopin's Nocturne does not suit the Banjo in the least! Is it necessary that you should play such things as this?" Mr. Cammeyer, somewhat crestfallen I have no doubt by this frank criticism, answered that he knew only too well how much he was handicapped by passages in some of his arrangements which suited the Banjo very ill. But what was he to do? There were no Banjo compositions that were suited to his style of playing. Said Sullivan, "Anyone who can extemporise modulations on an instrument like you do can certainly write something worth listening to. Go and write your music yourself, Cammeyer!"

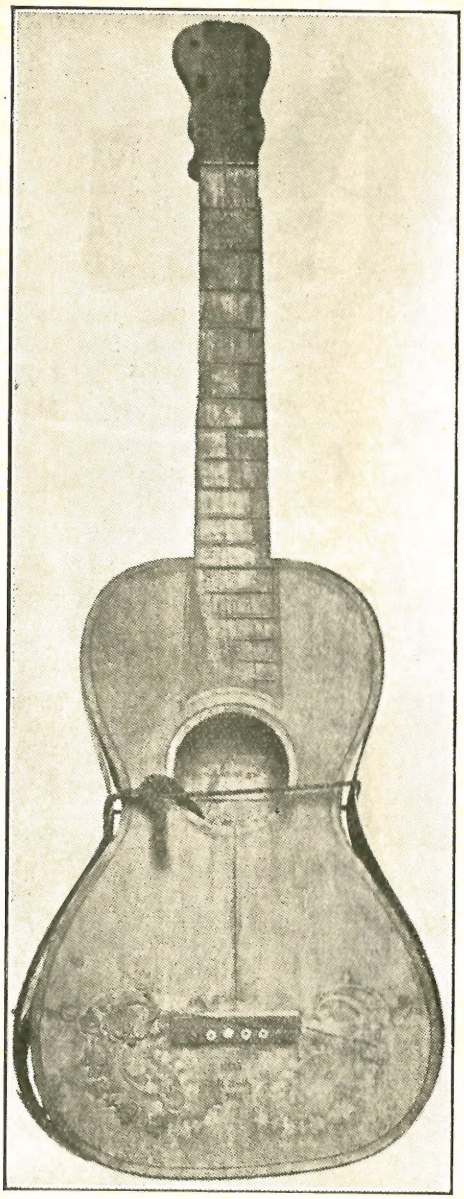
Cammeyer carried home with him in his cab that morning the inspiration and incentive for work of which Banjoists and Zither Banjoists the world over now enjoy the fruits.

His first attempts at writing (most of them unpublished) were comparatively crude from an instrumental point of view; but that fine gift of melody, which gives beauty and character to every piece of his we know, was there to encourage the artist to delve more and more deeply into the possibilities of the Banjo.

The result is the finished work he gives us to-day; compositions which, for melody, form, and artistic treatment, will compare very favourably indeed with music specially written for any other instrument. And I think it is not claiming too much to say that Cammeyer's compositions have done a very great deal towards raising the Banjo from its lowly position as an adjunct to the Nigger Minstrel Troupe and property of the low comedian on the music-halls to the respect which it is now beginning to enjoy—an instrument worthy to be studied as a hobby and pastime by artistes and gentlemen of culture.

GOUNOD AND HIS GUITAR.

By PHILIP J. BONE.



" Special permission was given to Mr. Phillip J. Bone by the authorities of the Opera Museum, Paris to photograph this very interesting guitar."

IT is not generally known that Gounod played the Guitar and held both this instrument and the Mandoline in the highest esteem.

During the year of 1862, Gounod was spending a holiday in Northern Italy, and on the evening of April 24th wandered alone by the picturesque shores of Lake Nemi.

He was suddenly attracted by the sound of far-off music floating on the stilly air, and, looking in the direction from whence it proceeded, he saw an Italian peasant passing, singing his native melodies to the accompaniment of his Guitar.

Gounod's attention was immediately arrested and so enchanted was he by the musical performance that for some distance he unconsciously followed the singer and then at length ventured to speak to him. Said the composer of the immortal Faust to an intimate friend: " I was so enraptured that I regretted that I could not purchase the musician and his instrument complete; but this being an impossibility, I did the next best thing. I bought his guitar and resolved to play it as perfectly as he."

So great an impression did this incident make on Gounod that, upon returning to his hotel, he immediately inscribed in ink on his Guitar " Nemi, le 24 avril 1862 " in memory of the happy occasion.

This inscription, placed there by the master, may be seen on the instrument at the present day, being written on the unvarnished table, just beneath the bridge.

The Guitar is of Italian workmanship, and still bears intact and perfect the original label of its maker, " Gaetano Vinaccia, Napoli Rua Catalana, No. 46, 1834."

It is constructed of native maple wood without figure, the back and sides being varnished golden-yellow. The edges of the table were originally inlaid, but this decoration is now missing.

The ebony bridge has been at some later period attached to the table very rudely by two rough screws, and the points of the bridge terminate with fanciful and delicately carved tracery in ebony which is placed in relief over the lower part of the table.

Its fingerboard shows signs of having been decorated also, and there remain but three of its pegs.

What a varied and chequered history this guitar —of all species of musical instruments the most poetic and romantic—possesses! Lovingly fashioned and delicately inlaid by a master of repute in sunny Naples; sweetly responsive to the touch of its first owner, a peasant musician, and also to that of its later purchaser, an immortal musical genius, it suffered severe shocks by fire and sword.

Bearing the marks of brutal kicks, its back torn from its body, its head, neck, and fingerboard scorched by fire and ruined by water, its delicate tracery and inlay now no more, it reposes in its rough wooden casket in the beautiful music building of the most magnificent city of the world, to be contemplated and revered by future generations.

When Gounod returned from his holiday in Italy he took his newly-purchased Guitar back with him to Paris, and the instrument was cherished by him in his residence in Montretout, a suburb of the city near St. Cloud.

During the Franco-Prussian War and the siege of Paris, 1870-1871, Montretout was sacked and pillaged, and the beloved Guitar suffered rude kicks from the spurred boot of a Prussian artillery officer, the fractures remaining to the present day.

Finally, this historic instrument, in a most forlorn condition, scarred and scorched by fire, was eventually rescued from total destruction and oblivion by a friend of the composer, and was placed for safety in its present magnificent resting place, the Museum of the Paris Opera.

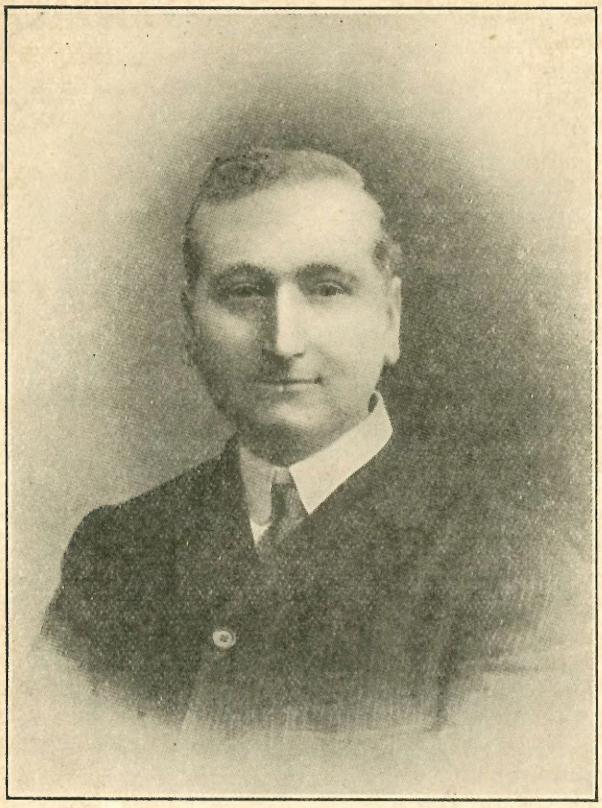
In his critical study of Mozart's " Don Giovanni " Gounod mentions in terms of great admiration the serenade, with its Mandoline obligato:—

" This serenade is a pearl of transcendent beauty, an inspiration with its ravishing melody, elegant harmony and pulsating rhythm, which, under the subdued accompaniment of the orchestra, enhances the subtle charms of the Mandoline."

"SYNOPSIS OF SOLOS."

A few Introductory Remarks.

By JOE MORLEY.



OWING to pressure of engagements, I regret that I shall be unable to deal fully with the solo "Zarana" in the present issue of KEYNOTES. This will be treated fully in the next number, when I shall have many comments to make to Banjoists concerning this composition.

In the present article I propose to sketch a synopsis of the solos with which I shall deal during the current year, and I shall also give some details about the history of some of these compositions. The first five pieces to be discussed are as follows :—

February,	1925	"Zarana."
March,	do.	"Japanese Patrol."
April,	do.	"Nadasia."
May,	do.	"Mauna Loa."
June,	do.	"Joy Ride."

The remaining solos will be announced later on.

"Zarana" is an Eastern theme, and a strange feature of it is that the third movement was originally intended for the Japanese Patrol." "When I came to compose the latter piece, however, I finished it without having included the movement, and so it was shelved until I could find another use for it.

Then, when the first phase of "Zarana" came into being, I recollected this half-forgotten fragment, and discovered it in an old drawer. It seemed to fit in so well with the general idea of "Zarana," that it became part of the entire composition.

The history of the "Japanese Patrol" is not uninteresting.

When I was with the Army of Occupation in Cologne during 1919 and 1920 I gave many concerts to the troops there.

One of the most popular pieces in my repertoire was Alfred Cammeyer's "Chinese Patrol," and I received so many demands for encores for this attractive item that I decided to write a "Japanese Patrol" for myself. I did so, and the success of it was never in doubt, from that day on. Never have I had such appreciative audiences as in those days on the Rhine, and when I gave concerts to the American Army of Occupation at Coblentz, there were also great demonstrations of delight.

I composed "Mauna Loa" during the Great War when I was down on Salisbury Plain. I happened to be in an Officers' Mess, arranging the details of a concert which we were to give, when my attention was drawn to a gramophone record which was playing in a corner of the room. It was a record of a Hawaiian Guitar, and it instantly suggested to me the theme of "Mauna Loa," and when I returned to my rooms I at once sat down and started to write the music.

The result, "Mauna Loa," is one of the most popular numbers I have ever composed.

"Nadasia" was a later number, and was featured during a tour of the American battleships off the coast of Ireland. We were in a concert party, and on one occasion had to go in a drifter from Bantry Bay to Berehaven ; I shall never forget the experience, for the sea was appallingly rough, with gigantic waves sweeping over us as we pitched and tossed in the Atlantic.

I clung to the rails round the funnel with one hand, and to the rope attached to a sheet of tarpaulin suspended above, with the other. The sheet was full of water, and I got most of it down my neck before we had ended the stormy trip !

We spent four days on the American battleships, and they wanted us to stay four more days, but we were fortunately unable to do so, owing to prior engagements in England. I say "fortunately," because if we had stayed we should have ultimately crossed by the ill-fated *Leinster Castle*, which was torpedoed in mid-Channel.

Next month, I shall deal fully with "Zarana," and in the meantime may I extend to KEYNOTES my very heartiest congratulations and best wishes for every success. No one has regretted the absence of this excellent journal more than myself, and now that it is with us once more, it is to be hoped that music-lovers will accord their strongest support, in order to make it the triumphant success it deserves to be.

FUTURE FEATURES.

Mr. Olly Oakley.

We are very glad to announce that Mr. Olly Oakley, the world-famous Banjoist, is contributing a series of most interesting articles in KEYNOTES during 1925.

The first article "My Broad-casting Experiences" will appear in the February issue.

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AROUND THE THEATRES.

By THE LOUNGER.

Lyric Theatre.

THE STREET SINGER.

THIS is unquestionably one of the finest musical plays we have had for many years. As a rule, a musical comedy succeeds in spite of its libretto, but here the book goes a long way towards making "The Street Singer" the success it is.

This shows the wisdom in selecting for author Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, who has given us so many charming comedies in the past.

Miss Phyllis Dare, in the title role, has never been seen to better advantage: her dancing has improved out of all knowledge, and her unaffected personality captures all hearts.

As the hero, Mr. Harry Welchman gives a manly and sincere performance, although one would wish to see him in a more dramatic part, after "The Lady of the Rose."

The comedy is in the hands of Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, and a newcomer, Miss Phoebe Hodgson, who scores a huge success in the part of a saucy model.

The music is always tuneful, and the lyrics extremely clever, which is a refreshing change indeed.

The Bohemian setting charms the eye, while at the fancy dress revel in Act 2 Miss Dare dances to the accompaniment of a banjo. This number is entitled "Dancing Around" and can be cordially recommended to those on the look-out for a new song.

No one should miss this delightful play.

Prince of Wales' Theatre.

CHARLOT'S REVUE.

A list of all the authors and composers responsible for this revue would take up the remaining space, so on this occasion they must remain unsung. Moreover, the success of the revue depends more on the artistes than on the authors, for Miss Maisie Gay and Miss Phyllis Monkman rise superior to their material on nearly every occasion. Not that there are no good sketches at all.

"Me Pink 'At," in which Miss Monkman plays the part of a poor little slum girl, is a fine bit of work; while "An X-Ray Dialogue" and "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow," in which Miss Gay appears, are also first rate. But it is remarkable, with all those composers, that not a single tune of any distinction could be devolved.

The lyrics are also extremely weak, and one wonders what would happen to a song like "Cleo, the Vamp of the Queens" if Miss Gay were not on the spot to redeem it in her inimitable way.

Mr. Morris Harvey must be getting tired of being called a tower of strength, but this is the most apt description I can think of. Of the rest, Messrs. Henry Kendall and Peter Haddon stand out most prominently.

But the success of the whole affair depends on Maisie Gay. Whatever this amazing artiste attempts, she carries off with a skill which no one else could hope to rival. Her burlesque of a famous music-hall singer would send everyone, with the possible exception of the lady in question, into hysterics.

It is a brilliant example of observation, mixed with a vivid sense of burlesque.

But oh! Mr. Charlot, please get somebody to write some good songs, with intelligent words, if possible.

THE MANDOLINE.—I.

Its History and its Charm.

By MARIO DE PIETRO.

THE Mandoline is almost as old an instrument as the Violin. The word "mandoline" is derived from the Italian "mandolra," which means "almond," but may be translated in its English significance as "sweet."

This is a most suitable adjective for so delightful an instrument, for, although the Mandoline has been declining a little in popularity during the last few years, owing to the rival attractions of other instruments, it will always be famous for its delicacy and charm of tone.

In earlier days the instrument used to be known as the Lombard Mandoline, and it was then created with gut strings.

On this account the tone was very dull, and not nearly powerful enough for the Mandoline to be used for solo purposes.

After many experiments had taken place, it was decided to use steel and silver strings to impart to the instrument the requisite brilliancy of tone.

This completely revolutionised the opinion which people had held concerning the powers of the Mandoline, and its popularity started practically from that time.

Yet even to-day the musical public as a whole look upon the Mandoline as a very poor medium for the rendering of the highest form of musical compositions.

They are inclined to regard it as suitable solely for lighter pieces and love lyrics, and not seriously to be considered for classical studies.

This is because people have spoiled its reputation by faults of technique due to lack of proper tuition in the correct playing of the instrument.

The most common fault amongst amateurs lies in the fact that they will not use the plectrum in the right way.

It is necessary to understand that the plectrum is the tongue of the instrument.

To produce the real tone, it is essential that one should hold the plectrum between the thumb and first finger of the right hand, with the wrist held curved and quite loose.

In this way the plectrum will rest flat on the string, and every stroke should rest finally on the string below.

This is the only way to impart depth of tone and beautiful quality to the piece which it is desired to play.

Next month, I shall deal with the question of Tremolo.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Signor de Pietro will be very pleased to answer readers' queries in this column from time to time.

Mandoline enthusiasts are invited to send along their difficulties or matters which they wish to discuss to Sig. Mario de Pietro, c/o KEYNOTES, 139, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

"THE SORROWS OF A SUPER-FILM."

By D. C. FAIRWEATHER.

THOSE who study the methods of cinema producers must have observed the avidity with which historical and Biblical incidents are being seized, in order that parallels may be drawn to present-day existence. The situations most in favour are, apparently, those which involve the wholesale destruction of cities, and the massacre of inhabitants on a grand scale.

Rare, indeed, is the super-film which does not include an earthquake, flood or famine, or for which no exact replicas of ancient buildings have been erected, only to be razed to the ground subsequently by a restless and imaginative genius.

Of course, such a soul-shaking, stupendous spectacle —one hopes that our mother-tongue is sufficiently elastic to stand the strain imposed by future masterpieces !—cannot be presented adequately at an ordinary cinema, and it is the usual custom to take a large West-End theatre for the purpose.

Here, after a descriptive overture by an orchestra of some fifty odd performers, and a dramatic prologue rendered by half-a-dozen actors in more or less appropriate guise, the actual film begins. The audience should now be in a fitting atmosphere for the shaking of souls, and a succession of the names of those responsible filters slowly across the silver screen.

The Director, the Adapter, the Photographer, the Sub-Title Expert, the Wardrobe-Mistress are all given their mead of recognition, and if you watch very closely you may even see the name of the Author in the smallest of print. This, however, is very unlikely, and since no one would observe any similarity between the film and the original story, perhaps it is not a matter of supreme importance.

A fleeting glimpse of a rough sea breaking on a coast of forlorn aspect might lead those unversed in film lore to imagine that the plot will now start. This, of course, is far from the actual case. We must first of all undergo the preliminary and inevitable moralising of the Master Mind in control of the film's destinies.

This will begin something like this :

> " Just as the stormy seas of irrevocable and irreversible Fate have threatened from time immemorial to engulf the stricken forces of Humanity . . . "

and will conclude :

> " and so we come to our simple story, which begins in the old-world village of Swampville, Ga., where men are men and mosquitoes are hell ! "

This shows the deft and unmistakable touch of the Film Humorist, and is recognised as such by the Homeric laughter of faithful " fans." But it is unreasonable to expect a film which cost—see bills for analysed particulars—to limit itself to the restricting atmosphere of Swampville for long. There are those exact replicas of historical buildings to be demolished, and the ten thousand supers engaged for the battle scene !

The Producer, therefore, switches us back to Ancient Troy, Mediæval France, and Spain during the Inquisition, each period with a separate story, but one and all with the same moral to point. The moral will differ in the various productions, but it may either be the inevitability of Fate, the uselessness of War, or the mighty power of Love, the Driving Factor of Existence. (Capital letters, please, Mr. Printer !) The last is the most popular moral of all, because it gives such splendid opportunities for Miss Pansy Gush to register " Love's Young Dream."

Sometimes, the only moral to be derived is the fact that everything in the film is done regardless of expense, and even regardless of the actual facts of History.

The changing from one century to another is apt to be a little confusing to the novice, for it is frequently done without any warning whatever. We may be enjoying a tense love scene between Mamie Seidletz and Bill Hawkins in Swampville, when suddenly a change of atmosphere is apparent. Mamie is in Grecian garments, and is being pursued by a Trojan warrior, in whom we recognise none other than the faithful Bill. Just as he catches her up, and is about to plunge a dagger of incredible dimensions into her unprotected back, the scene changes. Mamie is now a Spanish wench, denounced before a villainous Inquisition by our old friend Bill, now a Monk complete with cowl and crucifix.

The novice wipes his bewildered brow, and is trying to fathom the moral of this somewhat incongruous theme, when the scene once more changes to the Fall of Babylon, and that elusive moral is lost again.

Of course, we hardened habitues are not so easily deceived. We know that there is not a moral at all, really, but that it happens to be time for that Babylon " set " to be destroyed. But you cannot expect a mere novice to know that !

This absence of sub-title matter becomes all the more annoying, when there is a letter written by one character to another, and that letter passes into several other hands during the film. As sure as Fate, it will be read religiously and thrown on the screen until every member of the audience knows it by heart.

Gradually, the historical incidents are used up and the end of those ancient buildings can no longer be decently protracted. The orchestra is lashed into a dreadful frenzy, whilst the " effects " behind the screen become deafening and nerve-shattering.

Then the Producer, in a final flight of inspiration, rushes from burning Troy to frozen Alaska, from French Revolution to Spanish Inquisition, and then once more to Swampville, where Mamie and Bill fall into each other's arms to slow music, and a colossal " close-up." The enormous and gelatinous tears of joy which will up in the poor girl's eyes, and hang heavily on her cheeks, will demonstrate to the most sceptical patron of the Cinema the ultimate triumph of Love over World-Cataclysms.

It is to be hoped sincerely that Mamie will forget her previous incarnations in Troy and Spain, otherwise Bill may be in for a rough time of it.

However, there is always one great consolation in these affairs, and that is, that the whole thing cost ten million dollars to produce. With such a stupendous fact to bear in mind, criticism must, perforce, take a back seat !

THE GUITAR FOR ALL AGES.

By W. H. PLUMBRIDGE.

THERE is no other instrument with the romantic reputation of the Guitar. It has survived the vicissitudes of many centuries, yet in the practical age in which we live to-day, it is still the instrument "par excellence" for the soloist, or to accompany the song or dance.

The truth is, the Guitar belongs to no particular period, but is for all time. It has been associated with the romantic traditions of the Spanish Cavalier, and with minstrelsy down the ages.

Mr. George Donaldson, of London, as we all know well, claims to have in his possession the Guitar bearing the time-honoured distinction of having been played by the faithful Rizzio to Mary, Queen of Scots. Farther back still, the history of the Guitar has been traced to the "Kithara," beloved of the Arabs ten centuries or more ago.

With the glamour of Romance behind it, it says something for the instrument in question that it still retains the affection of the public, in this ultra-modern twentieth century of ours.

After a lifetime of experience, I can positively affirm that the Guitar grows more popular every day. But this popularity could be increased tenfold if only the publishers of Guitar music would follow the splendid example set by Russia, France and Germany, and publish Guitar arrangements of modern ballads and light classical music, in co-operation, of course, with the general music publishers.

Mr. John Alvey Turner, 139, Oxford Street, W., is world-renowned for having one of the finest collections of old Guitars and Guitar music in existence. I would recommend every enthusiast, who intends to take up the Guitar seriously, to go to this firm for advice, before selecting his instrument.

Why do not these publishers, noted as they are for that instrumental group, the Guitar, Mandoline and Banjo, with a list of instruments second to none, step into the breach, and bring out the modern ballad air for the Guitar and thus give encouragement to present-day composers? Messrs. John Alvey Turner have started their concerts again, and I should like to hear that they are putting on a Guitar soloist for their next concert in March. It would appear that the time is ripe for the publication of music of a better class than can be obtained at present.

The development of the Guitar is actually being retarded and kept back by the dearth of Guitar music in England.

I am by no means alone in my opinion. The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, brother of the late Tsar of Russia, whom I had the honour of teaching for two years during his residence at Knebworth, Hertfordshire, was amazed when he had to send to Russia for works of Boccherini, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Weber. Guitar music by these composers could not be obtained in England, but the fact that music publishers on the Continent publish these classics for the Guitar is a sufficient token of the high esteem in which the instrument is held abroad, and I reiterate the plaint, why is it not the same in England?

In Russia every peasant plays the Guitar, just as the fiddle is played outside the vine-clad inns of Hungary. The fact that it was not so common in England astonished some of the Russian princesses (who were clever Guitarists) when they came to stay with the Grand Duke.

Belonging to the Lute family, the Guitar comes next to the Harp in sweetness of tone, and it is far more practical to carry about. It was played by Paganini and Gounod, but since Madame Sidney Pratten, the great exponent of this instrument, was before the public, we have had no such eminent performer in England to demonstrate its possibilities. Madame Sidney Pratten also composed some popular music for the Guitar she loved, and there are others anxious to see their works adapted to the Guitar, if some encouragement were given by the publishers.

Taking France as an example, that country is far ahead of England in popularising the Guitar. In France it is always possible to obtain songs and solo works. If the British music publishers would follow suit, they would be doing much to help the teachers who have to confess, with some regret, that ballads and light classical music for the Guitar are not published in this country.

The opportunity seems to rest entirely in the hands of the publishers to revive the ancient glory of the Guitar in these modern times, and it is to be hoped that they will take advantage of it, for some practical development in this direction is badly needed.

To look at it only from the utilitarian standpoint: it is easy to become proficient on an eight or nine stringed Guitar; as an accompaniment to the voice, it is portable, pretty and of dulcet tone. The one great drawback to its present history is that the store set upon its progress by those responsible for Guitar music is not of a sufficiently high standard.

But the Guitar belongs to history.

It was played in England at the courts of Henry the Eighth, and Queen Elizabeth, and it is high time that a new chapter should be written in respect of music worthy of its fame, beauty and traditions. The Guitar is a romantic instrument, but the practical side of it must not be overlooked.

Notice!! Competition Announcement!!

We have decided to hold a Competition for Amateur Banjo and Mandoline music Composers.

MSS. will be judged by Joe Morley and Mario de Pietro, whose decision must be regarded as final.

The winning MSS. will be purchased by John Alvey Turner, and will appear subsequently in KEYNOTES.

MSS. must be sent to the Editor, KEYNOTES, 139, Oxford Street, W., and the greatest care will be taken of them.

Stamped addressed envelope must accompany all contributions, otherwise these cannot be returned.

This Competition, the closing date of which is February 28th, is open to Amateur Composers only, and is intended to give encouragement to the rising young composers of this form of music.

LEGER LINES.

WE hope in our subsequent issues to have concert reports and notes of musical interest from various centres all over the country. We shall always be very pleased to receive items of musical interest for publication on this page, and all communications should be addressed to the Editor, KEYNOTES, John Alvey Turner, 139, Oxford Street, W.

We are hopeful that the special competition, full particulars of which are announced on page 7, will meet with the approval of our readers.

There will be further competitions from time to time, for which many valuable prizes will be awarded. Look out for details in our issue for February!

SIG. MARIO DE PIETRO, WHO IS GOING ON A TEN WEEKS' TOUR IN AFRICA IN JANUARY.

Mr. Olly Oakley, the world-famous Banjoist, has recently been engaged on a tour round the Broadcasting Stations of the British Isles. Mr. Oakley is contributing a special article for the February issue of KEYNOTES. This article, entitled "My Experiences while Broadcasting," is the first of a series of most interesting articles from his pen, and should not be missed on any account.

Mr. Oakley's subsequent articles will appear in KEYNOTES throughout 1925, together with many other features from celebrated artistes and teachers.

One of the outstanding successes of John Alvey Turner's Recital, at the Steinway Hall on November 27th last, was the appearance of Mr. John Lovering, the celebrated baritone. Although a recent comer to the concert platform, Mr. Lovering has already won golden opinions from the critics for his glorious voice.

A great future is confidently predicted for him, and we are proud that he should have been associated with our concert recital.

We intend to open a correspondence column in our forthcoming numbers, in order that readers may exchange views and news of musical interest. Suggestions for further features, etc., will be very welcome, for it is our one aim to please our readers, and we cannot get closely in touch with what our readers are thinking unless they write and give us their candid opinion on matters.

Mr. W. H. Berry, the famous comedian whose photograph appears on page 17, is only one of the few celebrities who have extended to us their heartiest good wishes on our re-appearance.

When approached with the suggestion that he should contribute a humorous article for our pages, Mr. Berry laughingly declared that "his very few accomplishments did not include journalistic ability, otherwise he would have done so with the greatest possible pleasure." Those who have seen Mr. Berry in his latest play will take the "very few accomplishments" with a large pinch of salt!

Mr. William Wells, Banjo maker and teacher, who lives in Lindsay, Canada, writes to us to wish us all success on our re-appearance. He says that the Banjo is being wonderfully appreciated in Lindsay since its introduction there.

Mr. Wells should certainly receive every support and patronage, for he has built his own instruments and taught them for a considerable number of years.

We hope to receive news from other friends in the Colonies and elsewhere.

THE LADBROKE BANJO ORCHESTRA.

GRAND EVENING CONCERT

On 15th January, 1925.

The Ladbroke Banjo Orchestra, under Mr. Chas. Hunt, will give a Grand Evening Concert at the Kensington Town Hall, on the 15th January, at 8 p.m. sharp.

The Artistes include Joe Morley, Ernest Jones (Zither-Banjoist of Birmingham), Chas. Morton (Concertina Soloist), and Norman Long (Entertainer at the Piano).

At the Piano: Mr. Cyril Waller.

We hope every reader of KEYNOTES will again support Mr. Hunt and his orchestra in their latest Concert.

Re the two short sketches by J. W. Battersby, which we are featuring in KEYNOTES, it should be explained that the first sketch appears in the present issue, and the second sketch will figure in the February number.

Vive la Liberta.

MARCIA.

M. DE PIETRO.

1st Mandoline.

Intro. S. 1 Tempo di Marcia.

ff f

a tempo

ff p

TRIO.

2 a tempo

p ff

ff

ff D.C.S. to then Coda.

CODA.

ff

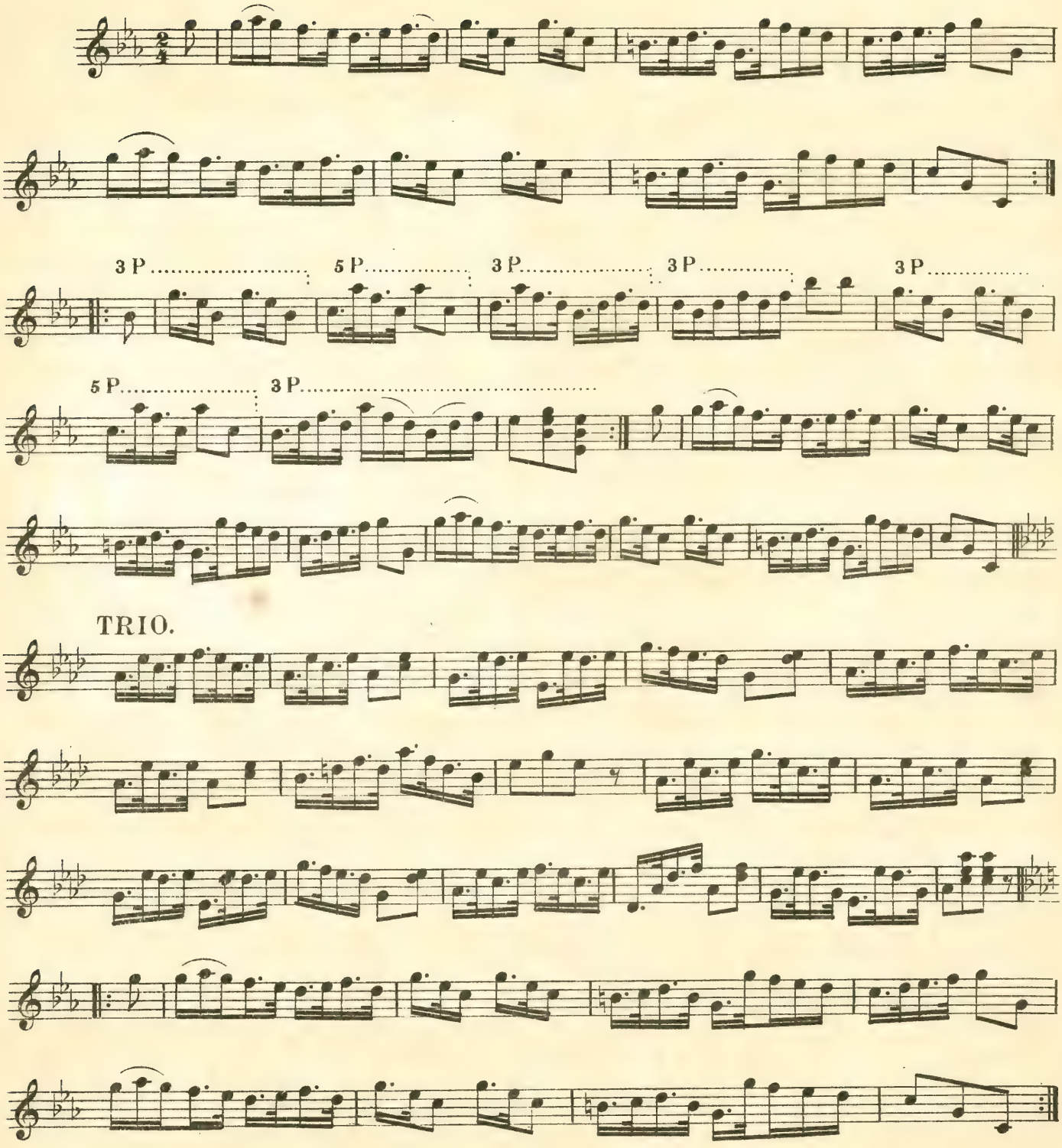
ff divisi. ff

Fine.

Kingston Minor Jig.

F. G. CHAPMAN.

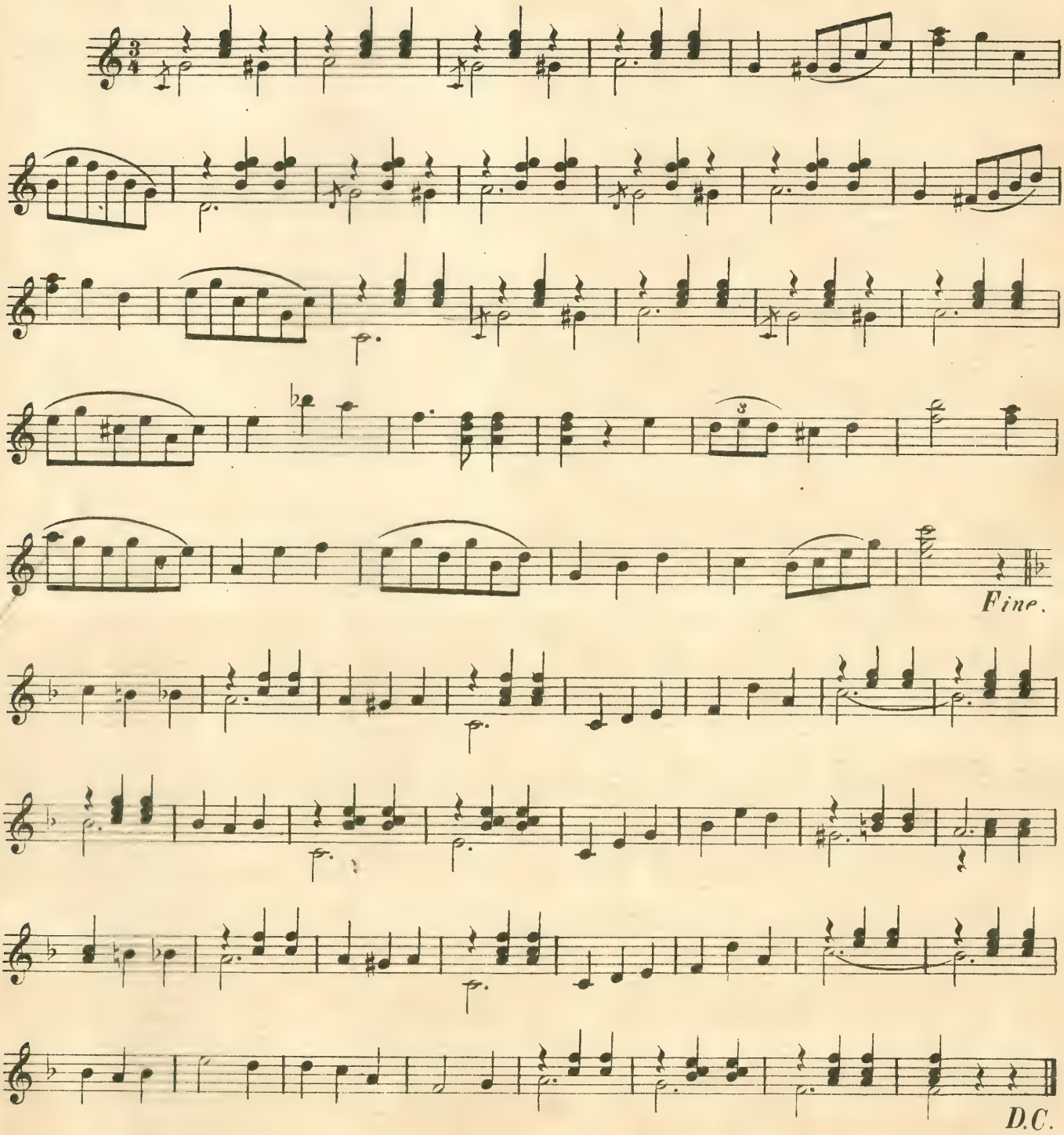
1st Banjo Solo.



Snuff Box Valse.

1st. Banjo Solo.

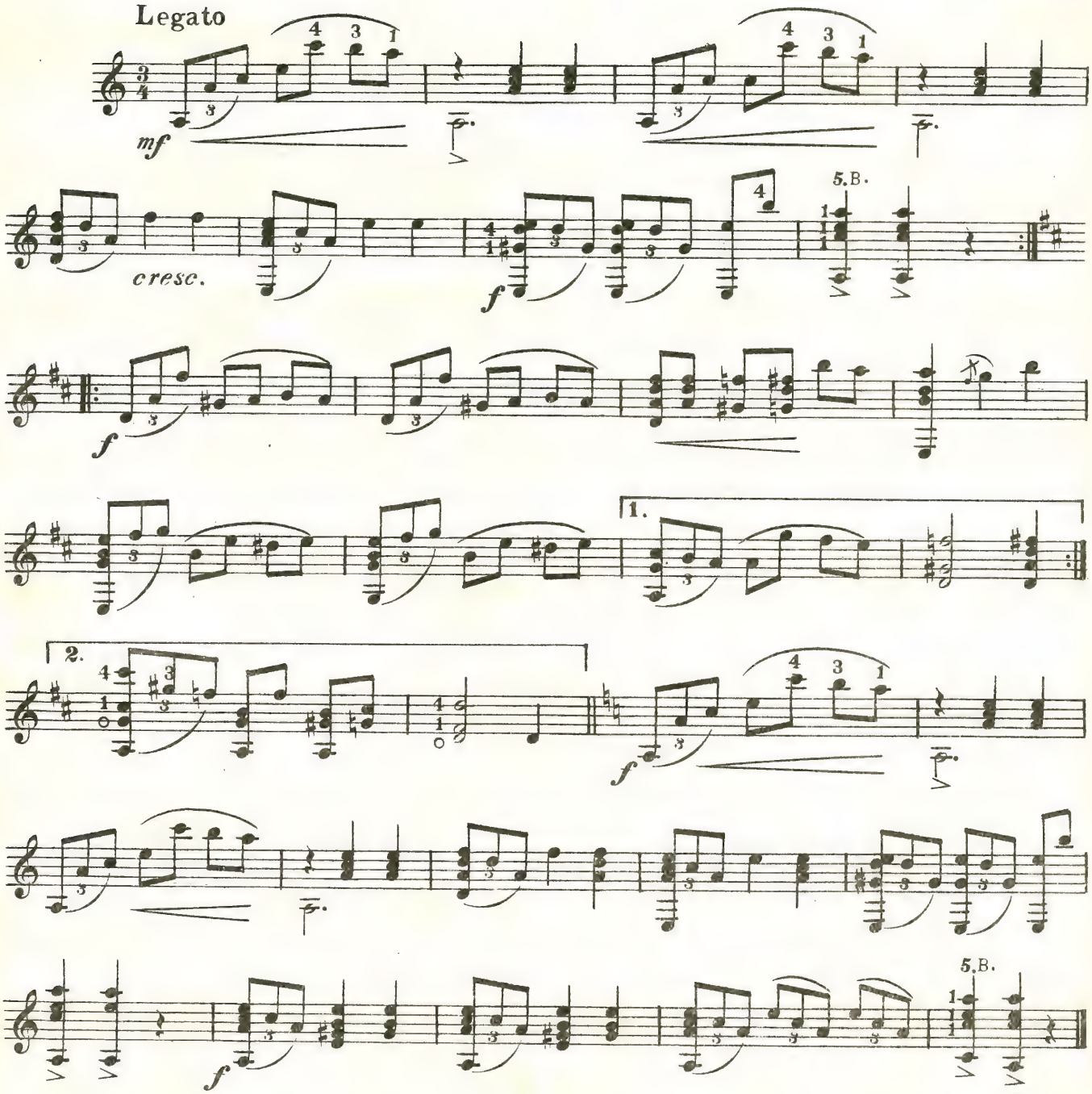
F. G. CHAPMAN.



Two Short Sketches.

Guitar.

A.W. BATTERSBY.



"KEYNOTES" THEATRICAL GALLERY.—No. I. Mr. W. H. Berry.

Mr. W. H. BERRY and his KADOOLA.

MR. W. H. BERRY, the famous comedian, now appearing in "Poppy" at the Gaiety Theatre, London, has sent us his heartiest congratulations and best wishes on our re-appearance.

Mr. Berry's triumphs form a striking feature of the theatrical history of past years. "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess," "The Golden Moth," "The Island King," "The Boy," "High-Jinks," "The Naughty Princess," "Gipsy Love," and "The Marriage Market" are some of his most memorable successes.

In the picture seen above, Mr. Berry may be observed with his Kadoola, plainly an instrument of considerable compass and charm! That it is a source of comfort to him is indicated by the following words of the song, which he sings in "Poppy," to its accompaniment:

"Kadoola, Kadoola, my beautiful Kadoola,
My troubles and cares I can fool-ah!
I play it by night and by day,
If I have the mumps or lumbago
There's no need the doctor to pay!
If I'm feeling rummy with pains in my tummy,
My little Kadoola, Kadoola
Will charm all my troubles away!"

JOHN ALVEY TURNER'S CONCERT RECITAL AT STEINWAY HALL.

JOHN ALVEY TURNER'S Concert Recital was held at the Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, November 27th.

A large and enthusiastic audience heralded each item on the programme with every manifestation of delighted approval, and altogether the recital may be termed an unqualified success.

Amongst the distinguished audience present were Lady Lansdowne, with Lord Ernest Somerset, and the Condessa de Rivas.

The programme was opened by Joe Morley, who was greeted with the customary affection in which he is held by Banjo lovers all over the country.

He gave "Joy-Ride," followed by "A Minuet." Mr. Morley all through a long and somewhat exhausting evening gave generously of his art, and he never once allowed the demands of the audience for encores to go unsatisfied.

Towards the end of the programme, there were insistent calls for "Donkey Laugh," and this piece was at last rendered amidst great enthusiasm.

Sig. Mario de Pietro has never been heard to greater advantage. Here is a man who is an artist to his finger-tips, and those who know well the full extent of his skill with the Mandoline were delighted with the manner in which he rendered his selected pieces. Several of my friends who had not hitherto heard a first-class Mandoline player were amazed at the performance he gave, and expressed their appreciation of this particular instrument. Sig. de Pietro has certainly a great future before him, and it is to be hoped that his stay in Africa will not be of long duration.

It was unfortunate that Miss Guelda Dulay was prevented through illness from appearing, but Mr. John Lovering, the newly-discovered Welsh baritone, gave several extra songs.

His magnificent voice was greatly to the taste of the audience, and he was especially good in "Vale" and the "Prologue, from Pagliacci." His tone is robust, and the volume of his voice most pleasing to listen to, and if he has any fault it is that his enunciation is not quite as clear as it might be in one or two places.

A word of warm praise is due to Mr. Arthur Dulay for the admirable way in which he accompanied the players. His accompaniment during the minuets was an excellent example of how a pianist should subdue his playing to the soloist.

The duets of Morley and de Pietro were perhaps the most appreciated items of the evening, the Niggertown number especially being well received.

Amongst the solos which Joe Morley gave were: "The Jovial Huntsman," "Kaffir Walk Round," "Mauna Loa," "Aviator's Parade," & "Japanese Patrol."

Several of these solos, as explained on page 4, will be fully treated by Joe Morley in his articles in KEYNOTES during the year.

Signor de Pietro played the following: "Caprice Viennois" by Kreisler, "Czardas No. 8" by Michiels, "Danza Cantabile" and "Preludio" by Calace, and "Scherzo Tarantella" by Wieniawski.

In response to demands for further pieces, Sig. de Pietro obliged with a little composition of his own, entitled "Vittoriosa."

This will appear in a subsequent issue of KEYNOTES.

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DANCE NOTES.

By "DECOR."

DANCING still maintains its firm hold on the public affection, in spite of the repeated mournful prophecies as to its demise, which occur from time to time in the papers.

The fact of the matter is that we must have some outlet for the expression of our feelings in this drab world, and from time immemorial dancing has been the most natural medium for denoting light-hearted joy and abandon.

Not that the casual observer at the average ball-room might think so! The expression on most of the dancers' faces is strained and anxious, due partly to the crowded state of the floor, and partly to the idea that to smile is rather bad form.

However, it is notorious that we take our pleasures sadly, and perhaps this accounts for it!

It is pleasing to note that at last the bands have taken some notice of the repeated protests about the excessive speed at which they delighted to play their fox-trots. At one time, even the best bands played at such a rate that to do anything but walk around the room was to court disaster and collision on a grand scale.

Now they have modified their ideas to suit English tastes, with the result that one can enjoy a dance without having to cast apprehensive glances on all sides before venturing to execute the simplest manoeuvre.

The Cabaret seems to have come to stay with us, as an integral part of our evenings' entertainments.

Of this there can be little doubt, however much some people may deplore this form of amusement.

Personally, I can sympathise with those who go to a dance for the sake of dancing, and resent the intervention of other performers, who usurp the floor for the space of half an hour or so.

Moreover, the sudden appearance of a bevy of beauteous maidens, clad in the exiguous costume of the Far East, as fondly envisaged by the producer, is not conducive to digestion.

These frivolous entertainments were supposed to be designed in the first instance for the benefit of the tired business man, but I should imagine that some of the turns are calculated to make him a little more tired than when he arrived.

At one of our leading ball-rooms the other night, the band played reminiscences of all the tunes which we loved so well four or five years ago.

It was surprising to note of what uniform excellence those tunes were, most of them being far superior to the modern dance-music. Comparisons may be odious, but where are the legitimate successors to "Avalon," "Chong," "Indianola," "Dardanella," "Sand Dunes" and "The Vamp," to mention only half a dozen?

There are very few fox-trots to compare with these, and as for the valses, most of our bands rely on such old favourites as "Mighty lak' a rose," and operatic airs, with the exception of the ubiquitous "What'll I do?" which is the most striking tune we have had for years.

One thing which we should be thankful for, is the fact that composers are refraining from deriving their inspiration from classical pieces. A little time ago, it was quite impossible to hear more than four successive dances without one being some borrowed and mutilated plume from opera or classic.

The point is, that very few of these will bear translation into syncopated rhythm, quite apart from the distress which the practice causes among musical minds.

As a valse, several operatic melodies may be exploited to great advantage, but when one heard Lohengrin one-step or Faust fox-trot, one could only deplore the insinuation that the brains of our dance-music composers were so vapid and imitative.

Nobody can deny the tremendous popularity of the valse to-day. More applause greets this item on the programme than is given to any other, and this is chiefly due to the relief the valse gives us from the deadly monotony of six or seven fox-trots in succession.

"The Blues" have long since perished, which nobody who has the best interests of English dancing at heart can regret.

A more ludicrous or grotesque dance never came to our unhappy shores, and those who endeavoured to boom it met with the failure they deserved.

We certainly are sorely in need of a new dance, but let it be something which is not a cross between a negroid ritual and the swaying of a camel in a monsoon.

A peep at any given dance will reveal the remarkably wide variation of styles in vogue just now.

Some couples hold each other at a discreet arm's length, and gyrate gracefully about in an aloof manner.

Others affect the "pump-handle" method of progress, to the imminent danger of all the others in the room.

And others clutch their partners in a bear-like hug, so that there can be no possible doubt as to the next intended step.

However, as the dear old lady remarked, on beholding the modern dance for the first time: "Well, I suppose it's all right, if they *really* love one another!"

It is not often that dancers graduate to principal parts with the rapidity of Dorothy Dickson.

A few years ago she was dancing with her husband, Carl Hyson in a revue at the London Pavilion. Incidentally, Carl is responsible nowadays for the production of many cabaret shows in the West End.

Then she took over the leading part in "Sally," where she made an instantaneous hit with her clever acting and wistful personality. She followed up this by creating the leading part in "The Cabaret Girl" at the same Winter Garden, and after a slight lapse in "The Beauty Prize," where she was inclined to become monotonous in voice and mechanical in acting, she has surpassed all her former successes in "Patricia" at His Majesty's.

This muiscal play ought to run a long time if only for Miss Dickson's sake, for she has improved out of all knowledge in singing, dancing and acting. She is clearly the outstanding figure in musical comedy to-day, just as Miss Evelyn Laye predominates the comic opera stage.

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